

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1909.

about it?" asked Strong when he could trust himself to speak again.

"I shall do what is best for Miss Polly," said the pastor quietly, but firmly.

He turned away to show that the interview was at an end. Strong followed him. Douglas pointed to the gate with a meaning not to be mistaken. "Good afternoon, deacon."

Strong hesitated. He looked at the pastor, then at the gate, then at the pastor again. "I'll go," he shouted, "but it ain't the end!" He slammed the gate behind him.

"Quite so, quite so," chirped Elverson, not having the slightest idea of what he was saying. He saw the frigid expression on the pastor's face; he coughed behind his hat and followed Strong.

CHAPTER X.

DOUGLAS dropped wearily on to the rustic bench. He sat with drooping head and unseeing eyes. He did not hear Polly as she scurried down the path, her arms filled with autumn leaves. She glanced at him, dropped the bright colored foliage and slipped quickly to the nearest tree. "One, two, three for Mr. John," she cried as she patted the huge brown trunk.

"Is that you, Polly?" he asked absently.

"Now it's your turn to catch me," she said, lingering near the tree. The pastor was again lost in thought. "Aren't you going to play any more?" There was a shade of disappointment in her voice. She came slowly to his side.

"Sit here, Polly," he answered gravely, pointing to a place on the bench. "I want to talk to you."

"Now I've done something wrong," she pouted. She gathered up her garlands and brought them to a place near his feet, ignoring the seat at his side. "You might just as well tell me and get it over."

"You couldn't do anything wrong," he answered, looking down at her. "Oh, yes, I could, and I've done it. I can see it in your face. What is it?"

"What have you there?" he asked, trying to gain time and not knowing how to broach the subject that in justice to her must be discussed.

"Some leaves to make garlands for the social," Polly answered more cheerfully. "Would you mind holding this?" She gave him one end of a string of leaves.

"Where are the children?"

"Gone home."

"You like the children very much, don't you, Polly?" Douglas was striving for a path that might lead them to the subject that was troubling him.

"Oh, no, I don't like them; I love them." She looked at him with tender eyes.

"You're the greatest baby of all." A puzzled line came between his eyes as he studied her more closely. "And yet you're not such a child, are you, Polly? You're quite grown up—almost a young lady." He looked at her from a strange, unwelcome point of view. She was all of that as she sat at his feet, yearning and slender and fair, at the turning of her seventeenth year.

"I wonder how you would like to go away"—her eyes met his in terror—"away to a great school," he added quickly, flinching from the very first hurt that he had inflicted, "where there are a lot of other young ladies."

"Is it a place where you would be?" She looked up at him anxiously. She wondered if his "show" was about to "move on."

"I'm afraid not," Douglas answered, smiling in spite of his heavy heart.

"I wouldn't like any place without you," she said decidedly and seemed to consider the subject dismissed.

"But if it was for your good," Douglas persisted.

"It could never be for my good to leave you."

"But just for a little while," he pleaded. How was she ever to understand? How could he take from her the sense of security that he had purposefully taught her to feel in his house?

"Not even for a moment," Polly answered, with a decided shake of her head.

"But you must get ahead in your studies," he argued.

She looked at him anxiously. She was beginning to be alarmed at his persistence.

"Maybe I've been playing too many pernicious games."

"Not pernicious, Polly, promiscuous."

"What does that mean?"

"Indiscriminate." He rubbed his forehead as he saw the puzzled look on her face. "Mixed up," he explained, more simply.

"Our game wasn't mixed up." She was talking of the one to which the widow had objected. "Is it promiscuous to catch somebody?"

"It depends upon whom you catch," he answered, with a dry, whimsical smile.

"Well, I don't catch anybody but the children." She looked up at him with serious, inquiring eyes.

"Never mind, Polly. Your games aren't promiscuous." She did not hear him. She was searching for her book. "Is this what you are looking for?" he asked, holding the missing article from his pocket.

"Oh," cried Polly, with a flush of embarrassment. "Mandy told you."

"You've been working a long time on that."

"I thought I might help you if I learned everything you told me," she answered timidly. "But I don't suppose I could."

"I can never tell you how much you help me, Polly."

"Do I?" she cried eagerly. "I can help more if you will only let me. I can teach a bigger class in Sunday school now. I got to the book of Ruth today."

"You did?" He pretended to be astonished. He was anxious to encourage her enthusiasm.

"Um-hum!" she answered solemnly. A dreamy look came into her eyes.

"Do you remember the part that you read to me the first day I came?" He nodded. He was thinking how care free they were that day. How impossible such problems as the present one would have seemed then!

"I know every bit of what you read by heart. It's our next Sunday school lesson."

"So it is."

"Do you think now that it would be best for me to go away?" She looked up into his troubled face.

"We'll see, we'll see," he murmured, then tried to turn her mind toward other things. "Come, now; let's find out whether you do know your Sunday school lesson. How does it begin?"

There was no answer. She had turned away with trembling lips. "And Ruth said—" He took her two small hands and drew her face toward him, meaning to prompt her.

"Entreat me not to leave thee," she pleaded. Her eyes met his. His face was close to hers. The small features before him were quivering with emotion.

She was so frail, so helpless, so easily within his grasp. His muscles grew tense, and his lips closed firmly. He was battling with an impulse to draw her toward him and comfort her in the shelter of his strong, brave arms.

"They shan't!" he cried, starting toward her.

Polly drew back, overawed. Her soul had heard and seen the things revealed to each of us only once. She would never again be a child.

Douglas braced himself against the back of the bench.

"What was the rest of the lesson?" he asked in a firm, hard voice.

"I can't say it now," Polly murmured. Her face was averted; her white lids fluttered and closed.

"Nonsense! Of course you can. Come, come; I'll help you." Douglas spoke sharply. He was almost vexed with her and with himself for the weakness that was so near overcoming them.

"And Ruth said, 'Entreat me not to leave thee'—"

"Or to return from following after thee"—she was struggling to keep back the tears—"for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God."—She stopped.

"That's right; go on," said Douglas, striving to control the unsteadiness in his own voice.

"Where thou diest will I die." Her arms went out blindly.

"Oh, you won't send me away, will you?" she sobbed. "I don't want to learn anything else just—except—from you."

She covered her face and slipped, a little broken heap, at his feet.

In an instant the pastor's strong arms were about her; his stalwart body was supporting her. "You shan't go away. I won't let you—I won't! Do you hear me, Polly? I won't!"

Her breath was warm against his cheek. He could feel her tears, her arms about him, as she clung to him helplessly, sobbing and quivering in the shelter of his strong embrace.

"You are never going to leave me—never!"

A few purposes had come into his life, the realization of a new necessity, and he knew that the fight which he must henceforth make for this child was the same that he must make for himself.

(To Be Continued.)

IR HONEYMOON.

Cynthia—Stop this instant, Hiram! Don't you see there are a hundred people watching you kiss me up here?

Hiram—What do I care, Cynthia? Ain't this here the observation tower?

As it Appears.

"A little nonsense now and then is relieved by the best of men." So from those lines it would appear that those who at all nonsense sneer and curl the lip, no matter when, are plainly not the best of men.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Occupations arm the heart.

The larger the soul, the simpler the life.

Gold is tried by fire and man often by gold.

The faith that does not revise you needs revising.

You cannot conquer any weakness by coddling it.

The only pleasures enjoyed are those that are earned.

Love is eternal because it never worries about dying.

They are most harmed by flattery who are most hungry for it.

Measure the appreciation you bestow by that which you desire.

Taking a by-path to avoid duty we are sure to meet our deserts.

The mark of a free man is that he binds himself to some high duty.

No man comes to himself until he knows that he belongs to his world.

It is better to be wrecked through overzeal than to rot from overcaution.

Hypocrisy is simply failure to credit other people with ordinary discernment.—Chicago Tribune.

FROM THE TALMUD.

Good deeds are better than creeds.

Take out the beam from thine eye.

On bird tied is better than 100 flying.

He laid his money on the horns of a deer.

Attend no auctions if thou hast no money.

When the ox is down, many are the butchers.

The egg of to-day is better than the hen of to-morrow.

As a tree is known by its fruit, so is man by his works.

Hear sixty advisers, but be guided by your own conviction.

Birds of a feather flock together; and so with men—like to like.

The camel wanted to have horns and they took away his ears.

The noblest of all charities is in enabling the poor to earn a livelihood.

Let not your heart with cares be filled, for care has many a victim killed.

An old man is a trouble in the house; an old woman is a treasure in the house.

LOG CABIN SAYINGS.

Judgement day looks far off ter de sinners, but hit's my opinion dat Kunnel Gabriel will wake us all up too soon.

Adam wuz de fust man in de fruit business, but as de president of a apple trust he never would 'a' been a success.

Hit's no wonder ol' Santa goes lak' a race hoss, kaze ever' time he stan's still de ol' sinners saddles all de sins on him.

Reason some folks ain't in no hurry ter go ter heaven is kaze dey don't want de angels ter think dey got de idee dat her treasure won't keep 'twel dey come.

De roundness or de flatness or de worl' don't interfere wid my feelin's; what gits me is how ter fence in one I'll patch er it whilst de yuther folks is reachin' fer it all.

De married man what makes er success or his business is de same fellow what listens ter what his ol' 'oman says at de supper table.—Frank L. Stanton, in Uncle Remus' Magazine.

EPICUREAN EPIGRAMS.

Prunes taste better than they sound.

From some kinds of preserves preserve us.

Onions make their own way; they don't have to be advertised.

Bottled sunshine sometimes turns out to be uncorked tempest.

It's a question whether the person who craves olives has good taste or none.

It's not good taste to smack your lips; the good taste comes from smacking the lips of others.

GERMAN PROVERBS.

Those who sing the poorest usually sing the loudest.

To unlearn is sometimes much harder than to learn.

Whenever one judges one's self, the verdict is pretty sure to be acquittal.

Tears which are shed inward fan, rather than put out, the flame of anger.

Considerate.

Above the clanging of the engines Nero's fiddle squeaked its loudest.

"Funny time to play the fiddle when Rome is burning," scoffed the fat senator.

Nero chuckled.

"Best time of all. I can't disturb the neighbors."

And then the great man screamed forth the notes of "Ain't It a Shame, a Burning Shame!"

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A good rolling-pin gathers no dough.

A fireman's taste seldom runs to burnt wood work.

One swallow doesn't make a spring, but a single frog does.

Exposed vice often tries to masquerade as injured innocence.

A man who talks to himself always has an interested listener.

Don't worry about what may happen; just as like as not it won't.

Most of the so-called visions that people see are nothing but nightmares.

It is just as easy to say kind words as the other kind—and they pay better.

Be partial to your opinions if you will, but don't try to force them on others.

Talk sense to a young girl and nonsense to an old one if you would please them.

It's easy to pose as a gentleman if you have money enough to enable you to carry out the bluff.

A visit to any so-called health resort will convince a man that the natives are not there for their health.

The ancients believed that the world was square. Evidently there were no grafters among the ancients.

Even a lightning calculator may fall accurately to estimate the speed of an automobile when he attempts to cross the street ahead of it.—Chicago News.

DYSPEPTIC PHILOSOPHER.

Optimism is a good asset, if it isn't overdone.

The world is made up largely of also rans.

You can always tell a hard drinker by his mug.

Even the promoter isn't always faithful to his trust.

Success only comes to the man who goes after it.

The near-genius who wears long hair is seldom long headed.

The way of the transgressor is hard, but it isn't lonesome.

Nowadays it's a poor rule that won't work five or six ways.

It takes a certain amount of blow and bluster to raise the dust.

Every dog has his day, but unfortunately we can't all be dogs.

A man is generally on his mettle when he has a steely glitter in his eye.

To be treated as one of the family isn't always as pleasant as it sounds.

When Fame and Fortune travel together Fame generally takes a back seat.

One way to distract your attention from your vices is to parade your virtues.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

Whisky and running for office seem to inspire the most patriotism.

No matter how natural it is for a girl to be fat it's very unnatural for her to admit it.

A man never ought to be so good that even his wife can't conceal that he is a hypocrite about it.

There's nothing a man can be such a liar about as telling his son how different boys were in his time.

Lots of men would rather go to the poorhouse from their rum bills than to have a doctor's account no bigger than one day's pay.

A girl will never admit it's flirting unless it isn't.

Most people's tempers are fairly decent when they are sound asleep.

The less money a man has the more ways he knows how to spend it.

Babies are very determined to learn to talk a sane language in spite of all their female relatives.

The soldest enjoyment a woman gets out of life is when everybody is chased out of the house by her plans for house-cleaning.—New York Press.

NUGGETS.

Vanity bears flowers, but no fruit.

Wisdom follows experience. If it would only catch up!

The worst wheel of a motor car is always the noisiest one.

Try to get rich in a year, and you will go broke in six months.

Youth and folly think that twenty dollars and twenty years will last forever.

Not His Forte.

Generous Hearted Dame—You have not either of you said a word in acknowledgement of the food I am giving you.

Say-old Storey (with his mouth full)—Lady, me pardner here. Mr. Wareham Long will hev something to say when we're done eatin'.

He thus makes the after dinner speeches, mum.

Its Identity.

"What was going on at your place last night, 'squire?" inquired Hi Spry. "The house was all lit up, and—"

"Eh-yah!" returned the Old Coder, grimly. "They were having a stung party, and it was an unqualified success."

"A stung party?"

"Yep! Lot of people came to spring a surprise party on me, and I failed to show up."—Puck.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

Beggars—Can you give me any money or food? I'm hungry, yer honor.

Fat Alderman—Lucky beggar! I've not been hungry for years.—London Daily.

All is over between us, she cried. But quick she discovered her blunder. A giggle beneath the settee. Soon showed there was still something under.

Retellion.

"John Henry" sharply spoke Mrs. Vick-Seen, "th-re's a young man that comes here about five nights in the week to see Bridget, and I want you to tell him to quit coming, right off."

"Alvira," said her husband, "you've been running this house for 16 years, and I have never disputed your authority in all that time, but this is where I kick! I am going to assert my manhood! If you want to stop that big, strapping, two-fisted young man from coming here to see Bridget, by the great horn spoon, Alvira, you'll have to do it yourself!"—Chicago Tribune.

Even.

Scientist—We are now getting messages from Mars and answering them. Inquirer—But you can't understand their messages, can you?

Scientist—No, no. But then, they can't understand our answers, either.—Cleveland Leader.

Those Girls.

"How long does it take a girl to learn to skate?" asked the matronly aunt.

"Er—It just depends on how many handsome young men there are to teach her," laughed the pretty niece.—Chicago Daily News.

Concealing Something.

Bacon—Do you think it right to conceal the truth?

Egbert—No, I don't.

"Then, why do you keep your coat buttoned up to hide those egg stains on your vest?"—Yonkers Statesman.

A Wonder to Her.

Sick Landlady (to boarder who has brought her dinner)—This coffee is vile. Is that what you had for dinner?

Boarder—Yes.

Sick Landlady—Strange what boarders will put up with!—Judge.

Wise Mother.

"Mrs. Frost always chooses a cross-eyed nurse-maid."

"Why's that?"

"So when the girl has one eye on the policeman she can have the other on the children."—Life.

A Guarantee.

Manager—You say this is a play of the slums. Is it a clean play?

Author—It couldn't be cleaner. The hero is a white wings and the heroine is a washerwoman.—Baltimore American.

An Average Couple.

Husband (Impatiently)—The idea of asking such a question as that. It's disgraceful to be such an ignoramus. Why don't you read the papers?

Wife (tightly)—Because you grab the paper as quick as it comes, pore over it all through breakfast, then stick it in your pocket to read downtown, and, finally, forget to bring it home.

Husband (repentantly)—H'm! Well, my dear, I will order two papers and leave one here. Which paper shall I get for you?

Wife (joyously)—Get me the Daily Bluff, dear. That has all the dry-goods bargains.—New York Weekly.

The Earners.

"I never read of any millionaire who can afford to be reckless and foolishly extravagant."

"Without thinking what a lot of people must work for him for less than they ought to get."—Kansas City Times.

C. & O.

9:30 A. (Fast daily train to Old Point, Va.)

4:00 P. (Newport News and Norfolk.)

7:40 A. (Daily, Local to Newport News.)

5:30 P. (Daily, Local to Old Point.)

3:30 P. (Daily, Louisville, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis Pullmans.)

11:30 P. (Daily, Ch'ville, ex. Ron. G. Forge.)

5:15 P. (Week days, Local to Gordonsville.)

3:30 P. (Week days, Local to Gordonsville.)

5:15 P. (Week days, Local to Lynchburg.)

TRAINS ARRIVE RICHMOND.

Local from East—8:15 A. M., 8:15 P. M.

Through from East—7:15 A. M., 7:15 P. M.

Local from West—8:30 A. M., 7:15 P. M.

Through from West—7:15 A. M., 8:15 P. M.

Daily Express Sunday.

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MAKES KINKY HAIR SOFT REMOVES DANDRUFF KEEPS HAIR FROM BREAKING OFF

KEEPS SCALP FRESH CLEANS WHOLE-SOME MAKES HAIR GROW LONGER AND LUXURIOUS

WHICH WAY WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE YOUR HAIR—SOFT AND LONG SO THAT YOU CAN PUT IT UP IN THE LATEST STYLE OR SHORT AND KINKY

A WOMAN'S JUST PRIDE IS HER HAIR.

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